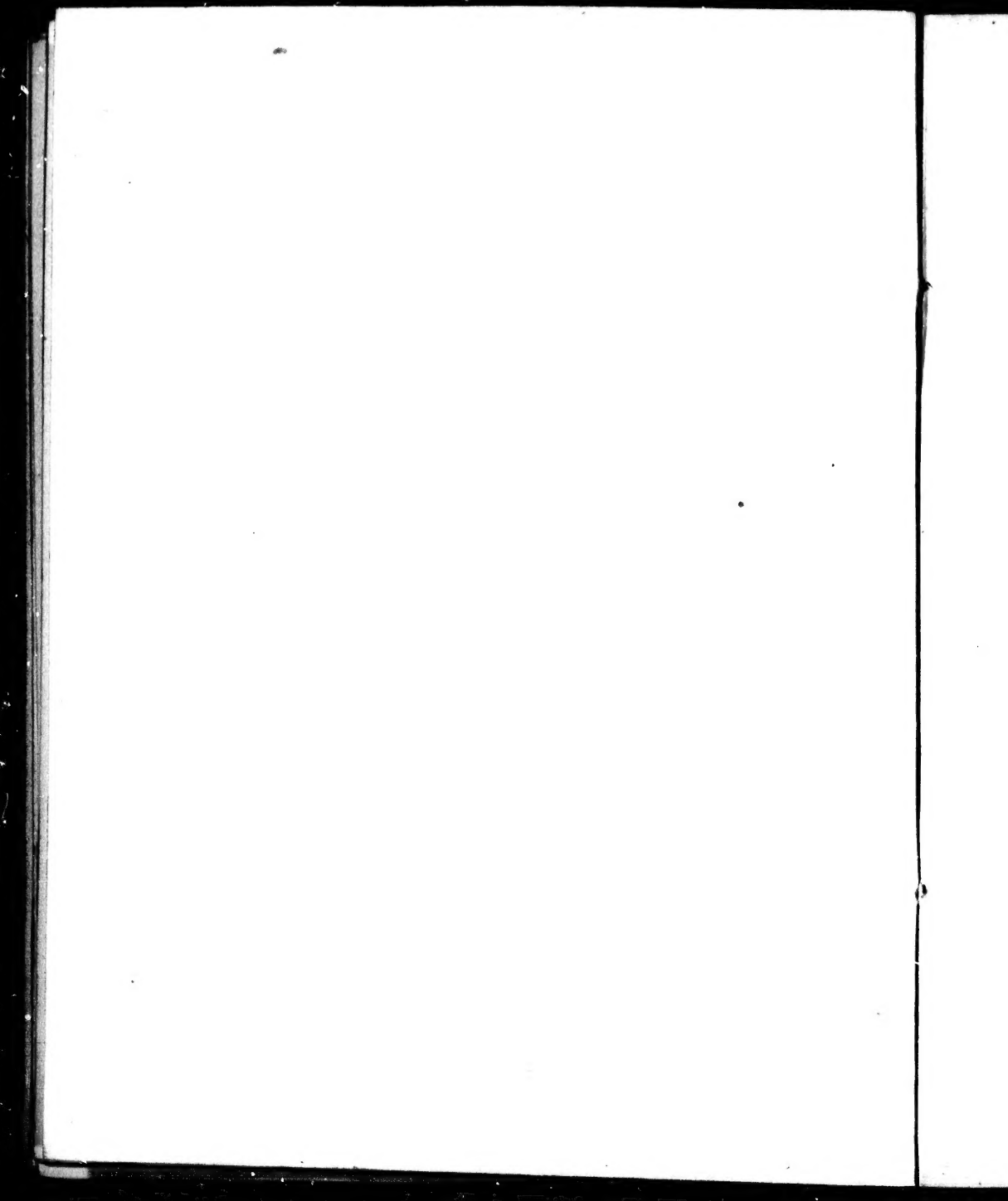


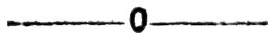




A TRIAD.



TOME SECOND.

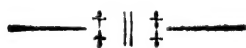


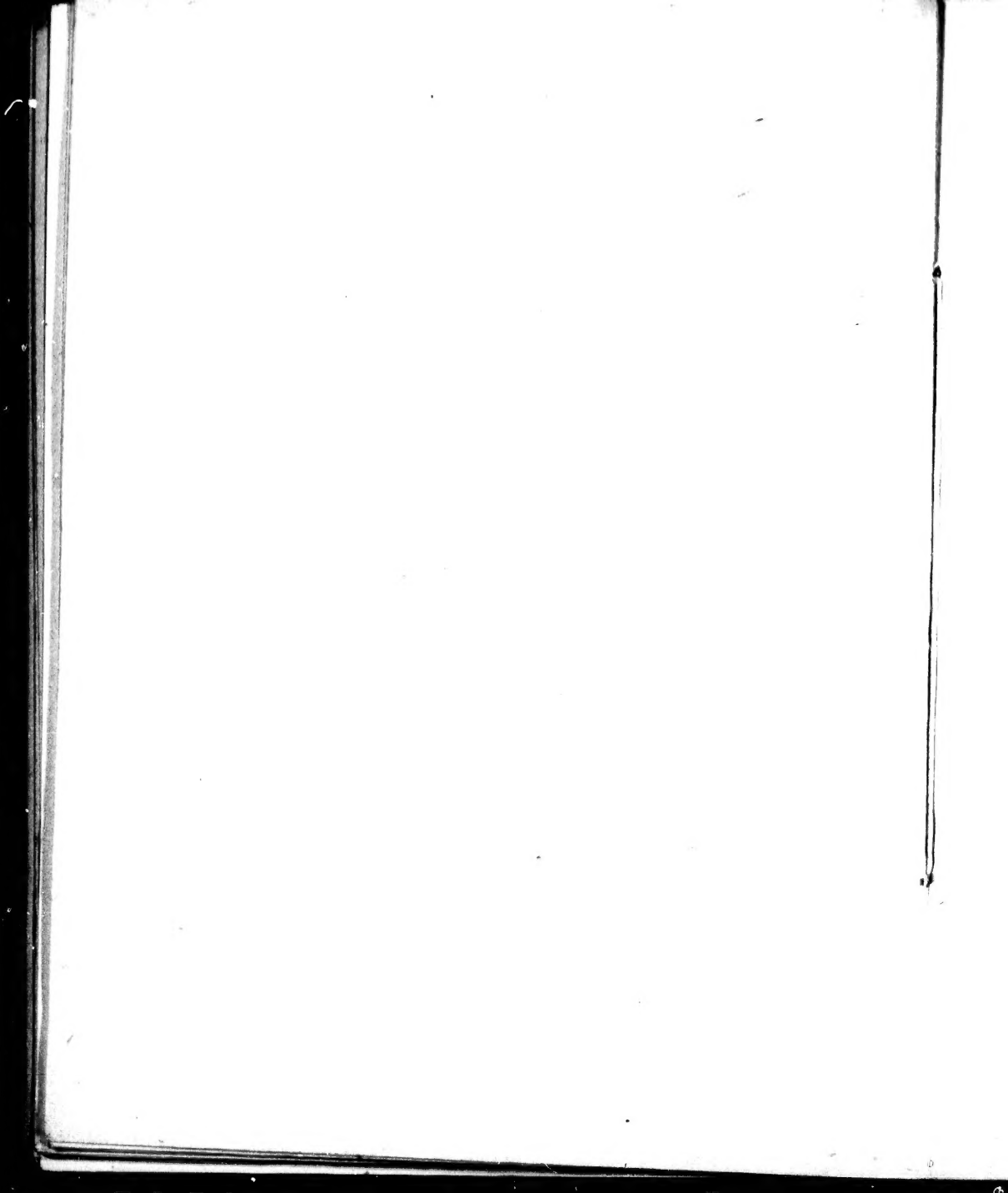
ON THE STRAND:

A FABLE.

GOLDEN CIRCLE

DIRGES.

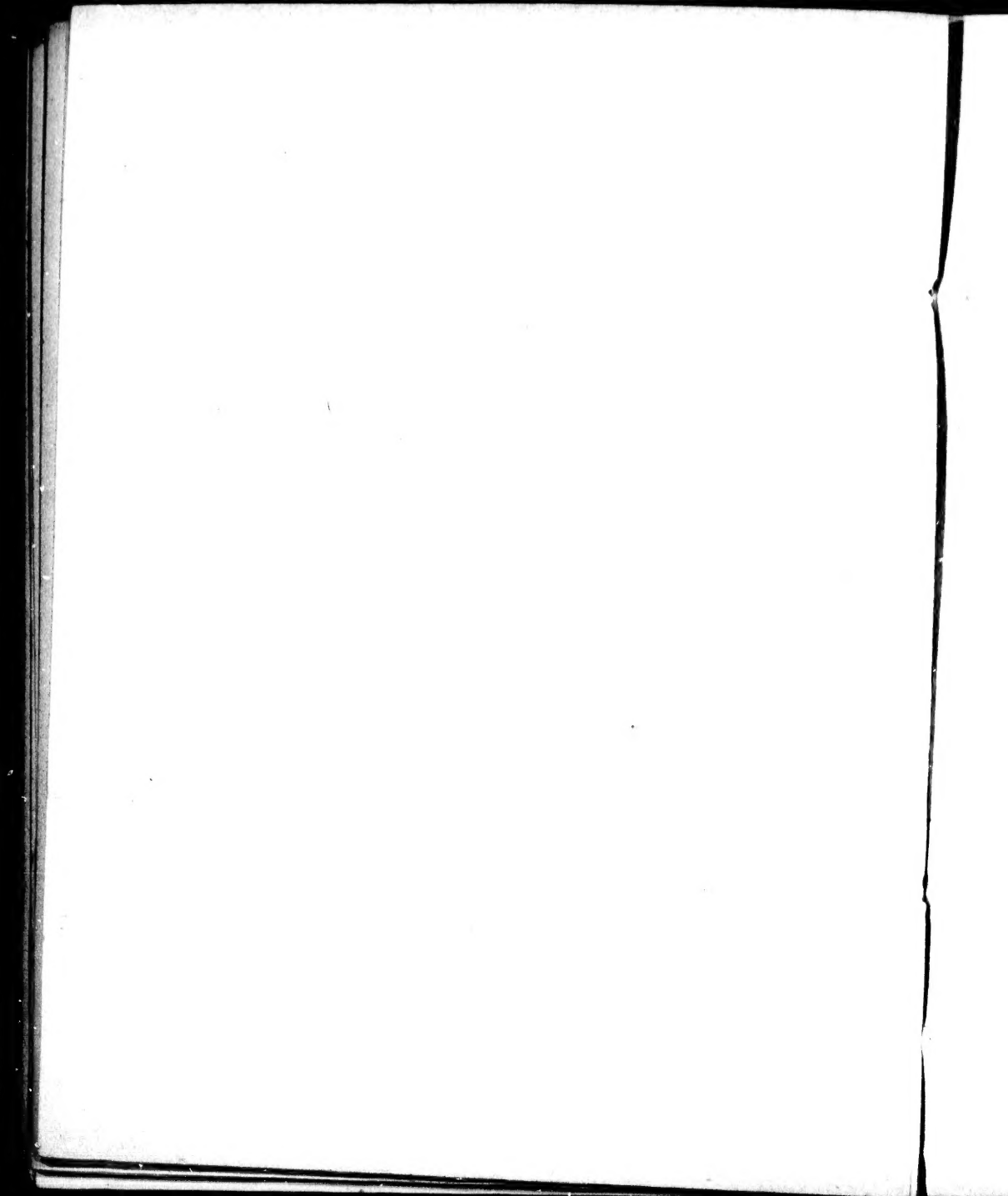


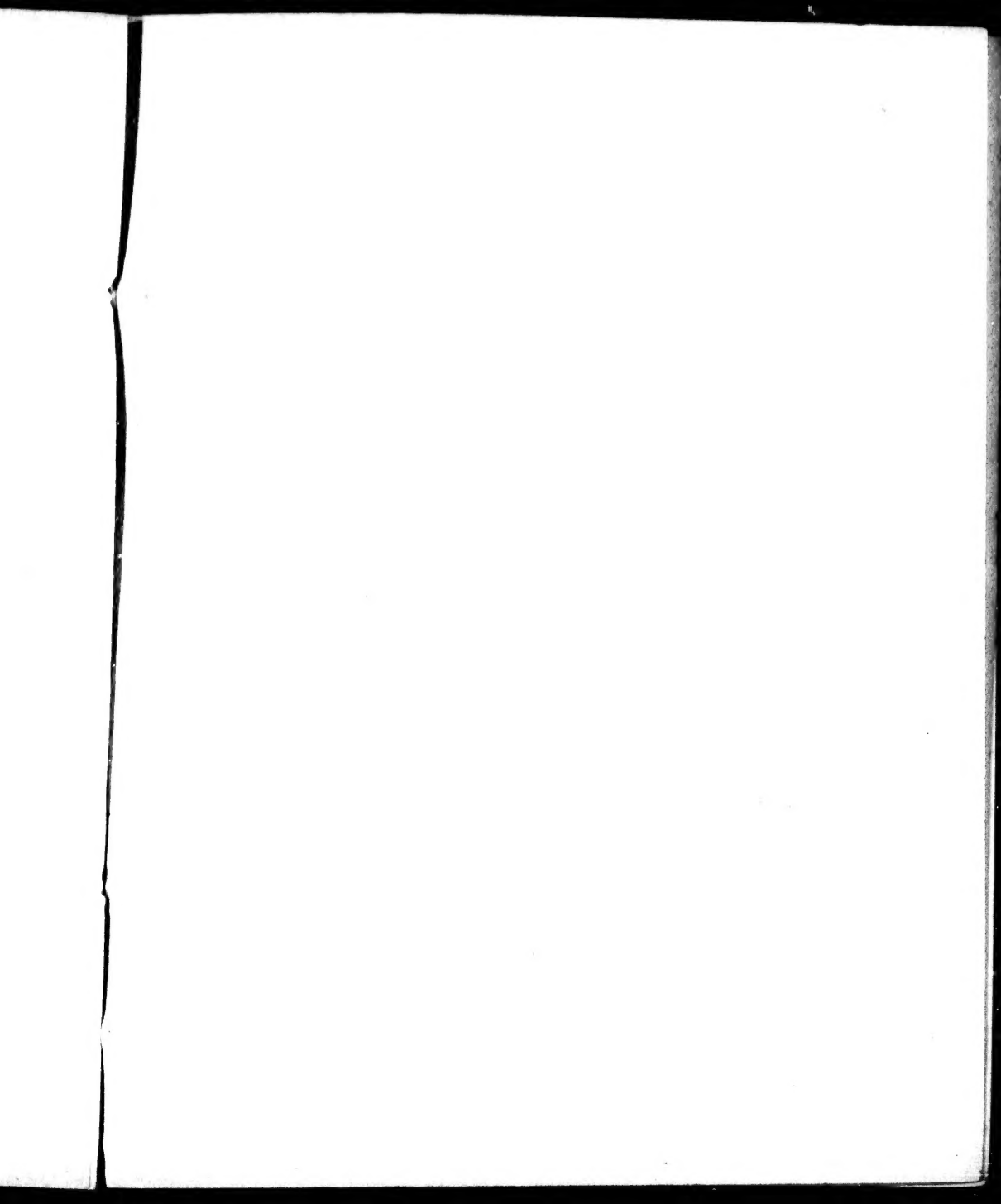


ON THE STRAND.



DIRGES.





ON THE STRAND:

A FABLE.

THE Day descends in glory
To stand upon the Sea,
Like a sceptred olden Monarch
In royal dignity;
When a thousand round him waited,
Waited on his nod,
Crying, *Live!* and prostrate falling,
As if he were a god.

Not yet the stars are lighted
In their lofty cloud-hung hall,
But a gladness—hushed and solemn—
From its blue arch seems to fall:

6 . On The Strand: —

And the great gemmed bell of crystal,
Which low winds softly tone,
Hangs majestically silent,
As if its voice were flown,
Lo! the Sea lives like a vision
In the temple of delight,
While beauty shakes the ringlets
Of the young and gifted Night.
See, above the golden waters,
Richly darkened, how they float:
And the distance robes in music
As the radiance grows remote.

Like the shadow and the rapture
Of some wild and olden tale,
Mystery its giant phantoms
Leadeth o'er the vale.
Far delineates the figure
Of rock and mountain crest,
While the tide wave is returning
From a sea at rest.
O'er the richly ornate sea-shells,
O'er the sparkling sand;

Lo, the waters, moving lightly
•In a joyous band!—

What one of Beauty's daughters,
In sober seeming plight,
Strays beside the waters
On this brink of night?
Over her faultless features,
From a silver cloud,
The drops of the heart are raining:
And yet it moans not loud.
O say, most gentle muser;
What bathes thy cheek with tears,
While Time from his proud palace
Leads forth the kingly years?
Glad hearts with hope are beating;
Glad troops of starry eyes
Are hailing aureate Even
In hood of varied dyes.
A rapture bathes the ocean,
A rapture floods the air,
Prevails upon the mountains
And mingles every where.

•

This goodliness, this glory,
 Why seem they now to thee
 Like a casket of rich jewels
 Dropt into the sea?
 Like the dreams which float beyond us,
 Those dreams which ne'er shall be?

On this legend-telling Sea-shore,
 Ancient as the Day,
 O why not pass, in quiet,
 A blissful life away?
 Far from a world of envy,
 None can here molest;
 Only the waves may murmur,
 And winds invade thy rest.
 O place of all most fitting
 For a safe retreat, ——
 Out of a sphere of sorrow,
 Into a world most sweet.
 Vain words—Oh vainer trial!
 Lo! sadness comes to all:
 We linger in its shadow,
 Must feel its cold rains fall.

Fair was she, and gentle
As the gentle moon
On its eighth day even,
In a flowering June:
When the winds sleep in the forest,
And the brooks sing sweetest tune.
Plain was her apparel,
Devoid of gaudy show,
Which argues still of hollowness,
And thoughts that walk below;
Thoughts that have not ascended
Beyond the green hill top,
To the glorious clime of beauty,
The invisible world of hope—
The world of faith and hope.
Yet more than costly jewels
To her their lustre lent—
The garniture of goodness
Was her rich ornament:
Lo! lasting as the firmament,
And dazzling as a star,
Sending its wealth of beauty
From the sapphire depths afar.

Why then those waters, showering
 Thy pensive azure eyes,
 Like the fair and precious rainings
 Of april's humid skies? —
 Alas, this life is darkened
 By a heavy cloud—
 Our musings oft are sombre,
 Our spirits oft are bowed.

The broad bright sun, is casting
 His mantle on the sea,
 His topaz sprinkled mantle,
 As onward journies he.
 Just as a traveller leaveth
 Some olden hard-won prize,
 Some rare and valued guerdon
 To gladden lingering eyes:
 And, with a generous farewell,
 He may not vanish then,
 But oft, in years succeeding,
 His form returns again :
 Linked with that sparkling favor,
 He leaves himself behind,

And like a meadow-wafting
Oft floateth o'er the mind;
As if he were the spirit
Of some glad summer wind.

The maiden moved beside us,
Straying on the shore,
And, like a dream of moonlight,
Rehearsed her sorrows o'er.
How breathlessly we listened
To her mournful tale,
Which grew up like a lily
In a lone delighted vale.

“Lingering beside the waters,
O Strangers, who are ye?—
The sea like me is lonely,
And I am sad like the sea;
Its shadowy form is telling
A story of wail to me.
And yet ye fear to question
The phantom of my tears;

12 On The Strand: —

Rills spring from a deep fountain :
And never the source appears.

Behold the opulent Even
As a topaz burn !—
Along those shores cerulean
Bright foot-marks I discern.
The blossom of day is shutting
As shuts the wild-rose sweet,
On the brink of a wizard river,
Under the passer's feet.
O Night the lovely ! Most gentle
The starry hours come down,
And only *my* heart seems heavy,
And only *my* hopes o'erthrown.
On earth there *lacks* one being
To sympathize with me,—
One who gladdened my spirit,
As the sea-flower gladdens the sea.
Look on the rocks beyond us—
Far—but not very far,—
Evening above is stooping,
She grasps one shimmering star :—

Note ye a little cottage?
White Cot! it guards the sea:
Those tall cliffs, blue and rugged,
Flank it—how tranquilly:
In days which have fled onward,
Sweet home for mine and me!”

Yes, yes O gentle warbler,
That rustic cot mark we.
Beautiful as a pharos
Unto longing seamen's eyes,
When thick nights of heavy weather
Have oppressed the sea and skies:
When it greets them like a messenger
Of great and glad surprise.

“Huge oak—how grand and shadowy
It nods o'er the garden wall!
There, midst its vine hung branches,
Sweet song birds nest and call.
Beneath it bursts a fountain—
A star in a dull night,

14 On The Strand: —

Sending through a parted mountain
Of mist its silver light.
O there, how very happy,
A gleesome child, I played,
Time seemed a thing eternal,
Earth sat, in light arrayed:
O then I had fair visions,
Dreamed that they could not fade."

'Tis now not yours?—we guess it—
And this is why you weep:
'Tis matter of a mourning—
This cottage by the steep.
You weep,— we can not wonder.

"The cottage yet is mine,
I sit by its cool fountain,
Beneath its flowering vine.
I look forth from its casement
Along the dimpling sea,
But a light has been upgather'd
Which never again may be.
Alas, that cot seems vanished:

I know you ask me why;
'Tis like a cloud of Even
Whose beauty has gone by,
Darkness is brooding o'er it,
And the winds—how sadly they sigh!
Like music of the summer time
In eves of winter drear:
Like light of glorious mornings,
Fading within a tear.
It is a thrilling romance,
Of which my life is part:
A lyre that hath been smitten,
Whose minstrel was my heart.

Lo the Moon! — So softly lifting
Her fair face from the deep:
Precious as a shield of diamond:
Comes she forth to weep!
Seven times she hath veiled her fulness
Since I awoke to weep,
Since the vase of my heart was broken,
And I awoke to weep.
And now, the varied aspect

Of the sea no longer smiles,
 While forth I bend my vision
 To yonder fairy Isles.
 On the water's disk you see them,
 Like barks upon the deep
 From a rarer world of beauty,
 Which are anchored there asleep:
 With their sails of jasper foliage,
 And their distant dreams of song,
 Which come fair and far as angels,
 Wafting holy thoughts along.
 There are shores of shining pebbles,
 Which the living eve beams walk,
 Till the just of other ages
 Have descended there to talk.

Ah; this bringeth back the burden
 I was casting from my heart,
 A fardel of packed sorrow
 Unsought in any mart.
 What have we but our sorrows,
 That the world mislikes to share?

What have we but our trials,
And our heavy cloke of care?

My father was a farer
On the changeful ocean deep,
He loved its face of marvels,
And the cradle of its sleep.
Like an eagle was the vessel
That to foreign ports he sailed;
And its white wings came like childhood
When favoring winds prevailed.
They came like speedy messengers
From a far clime of bliss:
Nay they seemed to waft the treasures
Of a radiant world to this.
And a summer day of gladness
Dwelt always in his heart:
He was like an arch of beauty,
When that the rains depart;
Those showers which bathe the flowers
In a sultry day of june,
And lend the rock-thrown streamlets
A low complaining tune,

As along the cliffs they tremble
 Like bright wings from on high,
 Descending in the lustre
 Of the eve's most valued dye.

Yes, a summer's day of gladness
 Dwelt in my father's breast,
 For a holy trust of Promise
 Was his unfailing rest.
 He had tasted of the fountain
 Of the water of delight,
 He had seen the Sun of Glory,
 That maketh all things bright,
 And his heart was in the City
 Of the viewless land,
 Where the ransomed in great multitude
 Crowned gloriously stand,
 Each one can sing, how sweetly!
 Each one hath harp in hand,
 Earth's strifes—O they are vanished,
 Earth's toils and bowing woes;
 And the blast which sweeps our foliage,
 And, moaning, ever flows:

And the thorns that make earth's pillow
One of small repose——
It yields us small repose.

But, when from our dear hearth stone
Arose his filial prayer,
There was gladness without shadow,
There was life without its care.
For he gathered up the dimness
And the burdens of this state,
And our bodies and our spirits,
And our past and future fate:
Bringing them to that Great Father
Who gave his Son, to be
Our ransom—and our Brother,
To love us perfectly.
He laid by his dazzling glory,
Came—and was our aid:—
In him we may be holy,
On him we must be stayed.
And he went into the shadow
Of the peopled—lonely dust,
And he came again in triumph,

This Faithful One and Just,
Having spoiled the cruel spoilers,
The *two* deaths, and sin,
And the old and haughty dragon,
And the enmity within,

There is gladness in the heaven,
When the summer breeze
Bathes the forests of young blossoms
On a thousand trees,
And the waters of the valley
Move forth in symphonies,
And hill and dale are redolent
With balmy memories.
There is gladness—gladness,
Gladness in the heart;
We live and breathe in beauty;
We share a generous part.
The azure dome of heaven,
The cheering hues of earth,
The rock, the waving forest,
And the song-bird's dulcet mirth:
These seem the old companions

Of our heart and hearth.
Have we known them—loved them ?
Yes ! they are our friends
Sent us by our great Master
For benignant ends :
Love them ? O yes ! we love them,
For these He kindly sends.
Ministers of beauty,
Beauty and light and love
Fresh dropping with the manna
And the dew drops from above :——
And ye, my friends, have tasted
The sweets of a mother's love.

My heart is all one memory
That runneth back to her.
Obedient as the shadows
That the gentlest zephyrs stir ;
And her visions all make music
Of a dulcimer,

She is linked with the blue heaven
Tranquil, calm, and bright,

In its glory of the morning,
 In its beauty of the night:
 She is linked with its sweet star-shapes
 On the topless height.
 With its silvery clouds so comely,
 Floating 'neath the Moon;
 With its warm and kindly rain drops,
 Ever and ever born.

She is linked—O links the golden!
 With all beauteous things beneath:
 With the verdure of the valleys,
 With the mountain's stainless wreath:
 With the rich songs of the forest,
 From the gay and beauteous birds,
 With the low chimes of the streamlet
 In a song more sweet than words,
 Through the flowers that nod in fragrance,
 Mixt with distant sounds of herds.
 With the sparklings of the fountain,
 With the kissings of the breeze,
 That lovingly bends the blossoms,

And playfully sweeps the trees.

O, princely hours! how many,
Has that sweet Cottage seen!
Each passing day how golden,
Of all days which there have been.
While she who loved me lingered
In this earth—which is the Lord's,
In the glory of its fulness,
In the hope which it accords.

But one gentle summer morning,
A gentler angel came;
She smiled as he approached her—
—She wears another name!
And now what she beholdeth
I do not all behold;
I know where the City lyeth,
But see not its streets of gold.

How I miss the ransomed natures
Who have gone to their reward:
Over rough ways, sharp and stony,

I am pressing thitherward.

That dear one—is she resting
 Midst mingling marbles dim?
 Lo! she singeth with the ransomed
 A sweet thanksgiving hymn.
 She has passed the misty River,
 Entered at the pearly Gate,
 She has laid aside the burden
 Of this dim deceiving state.
 She has gone into the presence
 Chamber of the KING:
 Robed in white and crowned with
 gladness
 She is worshipping.

O! beautiful is gladness,
 Kindness and meekness too,
 And sorrow which makes us better,
 And sympathy always new;
 And hope which walks through dark-
 ness
 Searching the morning light;
 And faith—itself a glory

Leading beyond the night,
Where Christ the beautiful sitteth,
The Master who all things made.
Even dust proclaims his wisdom,
His glory bursts from the shade.
What then must be the splendor
Of that most perfect place,
Whither he brings his ransomed
To see him face to face!
There, there my lost are dwelling,
With robes in blood washed white:
Fit us, O Lamb the loving,
To enter this delight.

As I have said, my Father
Was wont, from port to port,
With treasures of the merchant,
In a vessel to resort.
On this smooth and glassy harbor,
'Tis now twelve months ago,
Since last he sailed, departing
On a voyage of utter woe.
At Even he weighed anchor;
The breeze was from the land:—

And I saw the merchant Vessel
Like a gallant convoy stand,
With a crowd of snowy canvas,
Out by those chequering Isles;
As if she were pursuing
The Even's golden smiles.

And she lessened on the waters,
As lessen our years to us,
When in loneliness and sorrow
We gaze, and see them thus
Like a goodly Bark departing,
Bearing our hopes away;
Still making haste to vanish,
And scoffing at delay.
And then it seemed a feather
On Ocean's purple verge
That had fallen from an Eagle
Soaring o'er its surge.
Then faded quite, like Pleasure
Seeming in our embrace;
When our glance is changed and fear-
ful,

We grasp but empty space!

Opulent and distant,
On the olden Spanish main,
Stands the object of that venture
That never came again.
For a City old and goodly
On the Spanish main,
Winged the Bark that pleasant Even—
—It never came again!

The clouds make room for sunshine,
The sunshine chases night;
Heaven casts above earth's weeping
Its mantle of delight:
Heaven drops amid the mountains
Its choicest wealth of flowers,
Drops them in rain and darkness,
Drops them in shining hours:
But the glory of one day-fall
To midnight shadow turns,
No morn comes up beyond it,
No star within it burns.

O the vision of that moment
Returns, with wailings vain,
For the Bark which sailed that Even,
And never came again.

Hope is not like the blossoms
That pass and then return,
Reviving in like manner
From the bosom of their urn;
With the same marked leaves around
 them,
With the same enamelled bloom,
That changed beneath the sunlight,
And pass'd into the tomb.
Oh no! our hopes are harvested,
And yet they grow again;
But they differ in their structure,
And the beauty of their stain.
They bear a sad distinctness,
They are diverse, we know,
From the charming ones preceding,
Which faded long ago:

Which we buried by the River
Of the Beautiful:
Buried there in silence,
Though our hearts were full.
Yes! we feared to stir the silence
Although our hearts were full.
And the winds of life make music,
But not that regal strain
Which sank into our spirits,
And will not wake again.
And we feel we are sojourners,
Having no fixed abode
In all this world of beauty,
That grows a toilsome road.

But the mists melt from our vision,
As the mists melt from the sun!
We perceive there is a Kingdom
Of treasures, to be won.
But it is not where the fountains
Of distant hills arise,
Nor yet across the Ocean,

Beneath salubrious skies.
 The Eagle hath not seen it
 Nor gallant Ship sailed there
 Nor Pain nor Death have portion,
 Nor Strife nor busy Care,
 In the Land which we see dimly:
 But the River of death this side
 Rolls—coldly rolleth ever
 Its dim dissevering tide.
 Yet the Angel of God's mercy
 Will lead us safely o'er,
 Clad in garments pure and shining,
 Beyond the further shore.

My life is strangely damask'd
 With flowers of the Fairer Land:
 Sweet visions of its beauty
 Float to me on this strand.

I have spoken of my Father,
 And of the eve he sailed:
 That eve was built of jewels,

And favoring winds prevailed.
And frequent eves succeeding,
Fell gorgeously as that,
As I wandered on the sea beach,
Or by my casement sat,
Gazing in mute rapture
On a dazzling sea,
That seemed to bathe in purple
Everlastingly.

Time came for the returning
Of that princely Ship.—
I saw it in my musings,
I saw it in my sleep:
And I watched in every feather
On the distant sea,
My Father's stately Vessel
Returning unto me.

And each the more deceived me
On the spacious Sea:

32 On The Strand: —

Proud vessels thronged the harbor,
But never again came he.

I questioned of the sailors,
Saw Fantasies of air
Clothed in thick and cloudy garments,
Beheld no otherwhere.
Their words wore cloudy garments,
Yet they were shapes of air,
Frozen some polar midnight,
And shaking forth despair.

A nameless awe forever
Moveth on the Sea,
In the mid day, in the mid night,
How calm soe'er it be.
When the Moon unveils, and walketh
In a stole of snowy light,
And the clouds are few and lovely,
And the saintly stars are bright.
Though no faintest breath is breathing
On that silent sea

Yet the pulse of the great water
Throbs resistlessly.
And a hooded, lonely terror
Standeth on the deep
Brooding midst the shadowy grandeur
Of its unincumbered sleep.

Fearful upon the waters
In an eve secure as this
While a diamond chain is binding
This world to worlds of bliss;
Fearful to watch beside us
Beneath those starry links,
The spectre of a vessel
That slowly, surely sinks!
Its whitening crowd of canvas,
Its masts of stateliness,
Its taught and spidery cordage,
Despoiled by shrewd distress.
Yet the sea around it sleeping,
Sleeps an infant's sleep;
And the form which bends above it,

Is the blue seraphic deep,
Looking such tranquil sweetness,
So meek, so passing fair,—
Say! can we give it credence,
That tempest hath been there;
Blotting the lofty canopy,
Gathering a mass of waves,
A multitude in tumult,
From the sea's unfathomed caves:
Leaping in wild derision
O'er the seamen's unmasked graves?

O words! ye are the mirror
Setting before our sight,
Scenes and untravelled regions,
In a shifting light.
Who hath not watched that mirror
Those images unfold,
To captivate the spirit,
Or chill with palsied cold?
Within this glass—how ample!
The far-off draweth near,
We change at each reflection,

With joy with hope or fear;
Bend over distant tracery,
With new far prying eyes,
Till the past and fairly faded
Become realities :
They live—they breathe—we feel them,
And know that they arise.

It was thus I listened
To a seaman's voice,
Of the moonlight and the waters,
That have made me oft rejoice.
Of the sea and solitude
That I have dearly loved :
But a spectre strange and startling
In the mirror moved.

On that deck none living lingered,
On that wave no wail;
But I knew my Father's vessel
In the seaman's tale!

He told me they were sailing
On an open sea;
Had sailed four days together,
Fair and prosperously,
From a spicy Island
Of the southern sea.

That Isle bore goodly fruitage,
A cool and bubbling fount
Of pure and pleasant waters
Sprang up beneath a mount.

And there they had replenished
Their shrunk and wasted store;
And cheerily weigh'd anchor
Five tranquil days before.
No tempest had molested
The quiet of their way:
But in the far horizon
(It was on the second day,)
A shadow and a creeping fringe
Of haze in omen lay.

On its first appearing
They had crowded sail:
In fearful apprehension
Of a storm and bellowing gale:
Light drew its golden curtain
From a starry Tent uncertain,
And winds did not prevail.

Six days were past. In quiet
Brooded the solemn night:
The ship was resting in a nest
Of dim and feathery light.
But a call from the wary watch on deck
Startled the hour outright.

“Quick springing from our hammocks,
Quick mounting to the deck,
On the lonely sea before us,
Behold a lonely wreck!
Its masts, its sails were wanting,
No being walked its deck.

“In that mid night, oars went dipping

Till we climbed o'er broken spars,
In the silver mist and shadow
Of the dubious moon and stars.

“Slowly, surely it was sinking——
Behold the Master's book!
(Alas, when on those pages
My gushing eyes did look!)

“Morn looked: O we were lonely
Amidst that landless sea;
No sail relieved the solitude:——
Silence sat silently.

“But in the burning zenith
Up sprung the breeze again:
Our sails were filled like summer clouds
With Summer's genial rain,
Driving away regardless
Over a rippling plain.

“Day after day we watched,
But the sunbeam bore no mote,

No vestige of that vessel
Was seen on the deep to float.
Nor the weak, pale flag, that lifteth
Its story to the light,
Setting its page of sorrow
In the day beams—lost and white.

And whither went the sailors
Of that fated bark,
Alas, we never gathered
From the thick abysmal dark.
It is believed they perished
In the fierce typhoon;
From a sea of shadow floating,
As the vapor floats at noon.”

30

There came another seaman
When another moon had rolled:
Oh! his a wilder story,
In blacker mantle stoled:
While the fire flash of the stormy sea

Mingled with every fold.

He had braved a battling voyage,
 From the treacherous Algerine,
 Through a fiercely sanguine contest,
 And an awful shipwreck scene.
 And many strange disasters
 His wayward lot assailed;
 Yet the iron of his spirit,
 On no stern occasion quailed:
 He had battled, boldly battled,
 And against the wrong prevailed.

I questioned, and he answered,
 To this wise answered he:

“I have long time been a farer
 On the danger-guarded Sea,
 Which hath storm clouds for its coronal
 And lightning garnished waves.
 While, bursting on the falling arch,
 Tornadoes sound a funeral march
 O'er its swift opening graves.

“It happened we were sailing
Along the coast of Spain,
From Malaga to Plana,
To Cadez thence again.
And now we were unmooring
For a distant mart:
For the winds, with farewell token,
Had whispered us, Depart.

“Yet faithless and inconstant
Was that inviting air
Which wooed us from the harbor
To veer and leave us there.

“From the sky-encircled Ocean,
Not thrice the Day uprose,
Ere dun mists mantled heaven,
Which scowled, portending woes.

“Partly in mist and quiet,
Partly in wind and rain:
Some days we had been floating

42 On The Strand: —

On an encumbered main.
The sun rose not in the morning,
The stars watched not at night;
And in our midst, Conjecture
Scoffed at our piteous plight.
Till our thoughts grew like the magnet
Which points to a frozen sea:
For we knew not where the perils
Of shoal and rock might be.

“Eftsoons wild winds on wheeling
wings
Over our masts came flying:
We could not carry our courses well:
And bloated Day was dying.
Hauled the fore-sail up and furled it,
Balanced the mizzen then,
Extending it to keep her to,——
O we were busy men!——
Hauled weather main clue-garnet
And bunt-line, next the lee
Clue-garnet bunt and leach-lines,——”

The yards squared presently.
Put strops round mast above the booms
Amidst the stiffening gale,
Yard tackles to rolling tackles turned,
Then deftly reefed the sail,
Quick hauling it on board the tack;
Got aft th'sheet handsomely,
Boused up the bow-line, springing
taught

The weather braces.—But see!
(Haul up the mizzen')—as rolling
Thickens the squally night,
Tufts of pale fire from tops and spars,
Brushes of elfish light!"

He furthermore related,
How, on a sunken reef,
That hapless bark was stranded,
Afar from all relief.
How, many sailors perished,
Weltering in the deep:
And how, upon a broken spar,

When the winds were chained in sleep,
 He and five others floated
 On a sea which had no shore;
 Of living men none lingerea,
 Save he and those five more.
 A night and day they floated,
 He and those lorn five;
 Of all who voyaged together,
 They only were alive.
 And when again the morning
 Soothingly touched the sea,
 To the drifting spar still clinging,
 There lingered only three.
 And in the dazzling noontide,
 When the sun was beating hot
 One of those three sighed faintly,
 They looked—— and saw him not.

He told, how in the offing,
 When hope sank also there
 A boat came like an angel,
 To them it seemed so fair,

Like an angel with a shining face,
To chase their black despair.

And when the hot and flaming sun
Into the sea had dipt,
As lo! a craft relieved them
As ever was equipped.
Two sailors urged it onward,
Each with a broken oar;
They were its only passengers
On a wild sea without shore.
And now, the crew and master,
In all they numbered four.

The Master wrung their garments,
He gave them water and bread,
He spoke sweet words of pity,
For the living and the dead.

His auburn locks were sprinkled
With the winter's snows;
His eyes were calm, where kindness

Like a valley of joy uprose:
 A valley in a mountain's side,
 Where only the south wind blows,
 Making perpetual blossoms,
 And never failing fruits;
 A shadow and voice of singing birds,
 Like a melody of flutes.
 A vale which invites the weary
 Its blessing to partake,
 And rest by the tranquil bosom
 Of its love-guarded lake:
 Where sands of gold at the bottom,
 And precious pebbles are seen;
 While the banks which encircle its
 crystal,
 With the verdure of Heaven are green.

'Twas thus the sailor told me,
 While tears their way would make;
 And I knew it was my Father
 Of whom that sailor spake.

They gathered from the fragments
Of that wrecked argosy,
Oars for their sad emergence,
To aid them o'er the sea.
They steered their crazy shallop
By night's most constant star,
Till the sign of morn was given,
Till morning streamed afar;
Till the sun rode up from the ocean,
A prince in flaming car.

“Clear was the sky: the water
Fixed as a lake of glass:
But in the dim horizon
A happy ship did pass:
It was moving, slowly moving,
With all its sails display'd;
It noticed not our signal,
At last we saw it fade.
Disappearing like a sunbeam
Falling into the dark,

O'er the pleasant hills of Prospect,—
 Or the fragment of an ark.
 Hope with it also faded
 From all but the Master's breast:
 His looks, his words gave courage
 And his strong arm did not rest

“Four days, four nights unceasing
 We argued with the deep.
 By turns we toiled, or sojourned
 In the vision land of sleep;
 Whilst faces of our boyhood
 Their frequent watch would keep.

“Beautiful in the midnight
 Waits the pensive moon,
 To list the ocean's murmur,
 Or the seaman's tune.
 O'er the wan wave at midnight,
 Moving mournfully sweet;
 Leading up weird visions

From some green retreat.
For the days of youth go with us
Over the rolling earth,
Where'er the wanderer sojourns
In sadness or in mirth.
O cool and pleasant waters!
Oft Memory's golden bowl
Bears, from joy's early fountains,
This life draught to the soul.

“ But now, how were we straitened!
Our frugal stores were spent,
A shipless sea around us,
And a scorching firmament.
The sparkling waves which bore us,
Bemocked our parching lips;
The happy sky looked sorrowful,
Its white fair clouds moved cold
and dull,
And the sun seemed in eclipse.
We parched, we pined for water and
bread.

We looked for death, for hope had fled
 From all but the Master's breast:
 His words his smiles revived us,
 And his strong arm did not rest.

“A sail! a sail! How gladly
 We hailed it on the sea;
 O comes it now from agony
 At last to set us free?
 It grew upon the bossy breast
 Of the outleaping flood:
 Its masts, and then its sails were seen
 In closest neighbourhood.

“Six and forty stalwart men
 Stood armed upon the deck:
 But gladness vanished from our hearts,
 We almost loved our wreck!
 A bitter chance awaited,
 A cruel chance was this,
 A chance like to the burning sands
 Of a scorched wilderness.

For the flag, which idly waving,
On the pointed mast was seen,
Alas, it was the pennon
Of the heartless Algerine.

“We craved but bread and water,
For we were shipwrecked men,
And the lorn and scanty freedom
To trust our boat again.
The first their averice granted,
But they denied the last;
In lieu thereof strong manacles
Of steel confined us fast.
O, bound in triplicate were we,
By famine, fetter, blast.
The clanking iron loaded
The cheerful Master last.

“We looked to see the calmness
Of hope and joy depart,
And the shadow of night fall slowly
On his confiding heart.

But that heart was high above us
As is the midday sun :
The clouds all rolled beneath it
While glory rested on
Their thick and perilous volume,
Abating the dismay;
For they changed to golden beauty,
Or grew white beneath its ray.

What more of wreck and bondage,
Of chance and change befell,
Of thick and clustering dangers,
Were long and sad to tell.

Quick sobs forlorn, how dismal,
Fall quivering on the ear,
As, riding on rough waters,
Shapes of the Past appear.
A continent of conflict
From the Ocean's bed upheaves;
And the forests of dried Ages
Shake luxuriant leaves.

From cearments white, and painted
With a lean and ghastly smile,
Hope, like a Mummy rises
From the margin of the Nile.

From the mass of waters, gathered
To a glorious heap,
Thoughts, like flashes wild and lurid,
Into being leap;
From a blackness vast and troubled,
Into being leap.
Rising by us, stand the visions
Of the crowded Past,
Ere the great sea overwhelmed them,
As a toppling mast.
They went down its misty valley,
Lustrous though they were,
Like an unregarded pebble
Sinking from the air.
Like a bubble on the surface
Of a sun-embellished glass,
Gleaming burst and departing,
Ere the zephyr pass.

That seaman saw my Father
 To a master sold,
 Sold without redemption,
 The purchase paid in gold.
 Oh what a grief to think,
 Those free limbs, God made free,
 Are chained in toil and anguish,
 So far removed from me.
 But Heaven will close those eyes of
 love
 Which I no more may see.

Alas, it were as mournful
 As the voice of wind which makes
 Autumnal woods be desolate,
 And heralds the snowy flakes :
 Sorrowful as the music
 Of that bereaving blast,
 To gather up the fragments
 Of the afflicting past.
 Oh, might they share the quiet
 Of the grass-swathed tomb,

Where flowers arise and perish,
And rise—again to bloom.

And yet a thought comes over
My soul's sealed melody,
There is one who lives and loves me
Whom I no more shall see,
And a vision unfolds before me
I vainly strive to tell,
Of him whom I hold prisoned
In my heart's most golden cell,
Who beareth life's huge burden,
How meekly and how well.
No—I shall never see him,
Shall not—until it be
We stand with harps and garlands
Beside the Mingled Sea;
That chained and glorious ocean
Where billow never brake;
And our sadness all hath vanished,
As a dream when we awake.

And yet I watch this harbor
With strangely hoping eyes,
For I know not what is written
In the Book of destinies.
O, ye my friends, can witness
That the heart believeth oft,
As by a dream-like prescience
Dropping in music soft.
Though reason aye persuade us
There is no ground of hope;
Yet the deathless love within us,
It hath a wider scope,
On the sealed scroll still gazing,
The scroll which ne'er may ope.

But who has songs for the sorrowful?
God—the good God alone,
He sends bright hope with blessing,
Quiets the bosom's moan.
Away fly Fears like vultures;
The flapping wings of Care
Cease to darken the heavens,
As we feel that God is there.

Oft He comes to the sorrowful,
Sitteth oft by the sad:
His arm supports the sinking,
His kind looks make him glad,
Till he feels in his affliction,
Love only draweth near,
And kind commiseration
Chastens and wipes the tear.
Love standeth by in pity,
And kindness manifold,
Discovering the visions
He once did not behold,
The beauty of his glory:
Revealing furthermore,
That all which he hath taken
He can again restore.—

There is safety in his wisdom,
I bow to his decree,
And kiss the rod of kindness,
The rod that smiteth me.

O, friends, we have a Father

In the holy place,
 Whose love will never languish,
 Until we see his face.
 He has written a Book of Beauty
 Which sweetly speaketh thus:
 He has given his Darling for us,
 He hath so lov-ed us.
 Precious—O, how precious!
 Were we in his sight,
 When he emptied from his bosom
 The Son of his delight:
 When he gave the richest Jewel
 From his treasury:
 When he bruised his Well Beloved
 That we might be free:
 And the hosts of Heaven wondered
 Such pity and love to see.

Let us hasten to him quickly:
 Shall we our Father slight!
 Lo he offers us his favor,
 The fulness of delight!—

Let us open to him quickly :
Shall we our Brother doubt !
O Lord, abide thou with us,
And cast our troublers out.

See what a way of marvel
Emmanuel kindly took,
To gather wanderers, written
In his everlasting Book.
He will bring them home with shout-
ing,
The least shall not be left,
He will bring each to the Rock at last,
And hide each in its cleft.
For are they not his chosen,
His ransomed, his own sheep ?
And he——Does the Good Shepherd
Not stand engaged to keep ?
His throne itself shall crumble,
Ere one of them can be lost,
Though in a world of sin and graves,
Mourning and trouble tost.

Not howling hell is strong enough
 For Kindness sits above,
 Leading with supplications,
 The fair flock of his love.
 They shall come home with shouting,
 Not one be missing there;
 Each shall inherit substance,
 And endless favor share:
 Arise, O friends, come quickly,
 And let us enter there

Am I not in Thy bosom?
 Borne by thy loving arms?
 And who shall harm the blossom
 When God protects from harms!
 Nay, death itself can only
 Escort me into life,
 Through the arch-way dim and lonely,
 That leads from woe and strife.

While we tarried on the sea-shore
 With this gentle one,

The breeze had lulled to quiet,
The summer eve crept on.
Thro' the gate of the glowing Vesper,
In state the Sun had passed:
Gold-vested clouds were standing
On the blue pavement vast.
Yet we lingered in the twilight
With this meek and gentle one,
Till the stars came out, and heaven
With sands of light was sown:
Until, to watch and wonder,
Came up the Moon thereon.

Over the crags and crypts
The silver moonlight streamed,
Depicting shapes grotesque
As ever fancy dreamed.
And in long rules of lustre
It lay upon the wave,
Like a blossom white and odorous,
On a lonely forest grave:
Where not a name is written,

Nor mark in sculpture rude;
Nor voice—save of the wild bird,
Stirreth the solitude.

With this, we heard a shallop
Lightly whispering to the shore,
Its truthful tale of romance,
Of perils past and o'er.
Each water dip was eloquent,
Roughening the wave,
Crusting it with jewels,
The hidden of its cave.

And we waited in the quiet,
Resting pensively,
On the story and the glory
Of its memory:
A glory white and softened
As a halo of the moon,
When the breeze is sleeping sweetly,
When the clouds are waiting meetly,
And with the Night commune;

As they stand like silvered sages
In the ancient hall of heaven;
While the moon walks forth amidst
them

In the prestige to her given,
In the brightness of a bridal,
And the pensive state of Even.

Four sailors from the shallop,
Came onward o'er the beach;
Four sailors, close beside us,
Were passing without speech.
To the left they looked not,
Looked not to the right
They halted not nor hasted:
As sunbeam on a height,
When the glory is departing
From the fair earth's crown,
Moving unto heaven
As the day sinks redly down.
It hasteth not nor tarries,
But like a balanced soul

Still draweth nearer Heaven
As darkenings 'neath it roll.

They had passed us like the shadow
Of a cloud upon the deep,
With the silence of an omen,
With the mystery of sleep.
They had passed us, these four sailors
When the Maiden, springing forth
Quickly exclaimed. "Dear Father!"
And sank upon the earth.
One of those four had raised her
From her resting place:
"My Father!—my dear Father!"
We gazed upon his face:
Calm was it as heaven,
When the day is still and bright
For the glory of God hath covered
Its aspect with delight.

That evening, there was gladness
In the Cottage by the Sea;

For a night of months was broken,
Never the same to be.
And the perils of the seamen,
Seemed like some sad, far refrain,
So softened in the distance,
It breathes a joyous strain;
A ravishment and beauty:
As the sun smiles through the rain,
When shadowy trailing fringes,
The rainbow's hues sustain.
And holy songs of thankfulness,
And holy voice of prayer,
Were lifted unto Heaven
Sweetly lifted there:
Abundant refuge giveth
The God who heareth prayer.

Unto all who call upon him,
How rich the Gracious One,
Who hears, and ne'er upbraideth
With follies we have done!
Who gives his marvellous mercy

Our hope and strength to be;
 And his love from everlasting
 Our full security.
 Happy are they who seek him,
 And walk amidst his light;
 They shall enter at the portal
 Built of pearls most white:
 Before them all is glory,
 Behind they leave the night.

LOOK NOT ON THE WINE.

LOOK not thou upon the wine when it is red,
when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it mov-
eth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a
serpent, and stingeth like an adder. PROVERBS.

SEE! it sparkles in the wine cup,
Blushing in its beauty bright,
Closed in ruby rich and racy,
How enticing with delight!
Lo, it delicately mingles
Every relish of the vine,
In its ripe fermented juices:—
Look not on the wine!

In its bathings, sweet and odorous,
Delicious to the lips;
There is danger, there is sorrow,
Toppling hopes, and icy slips.
Mad carousing wild and furious,
And a serpent roused to twine:

68 **Look Not On The Wine.**

When the tempting goblet sparkles,
Look not on the wine!

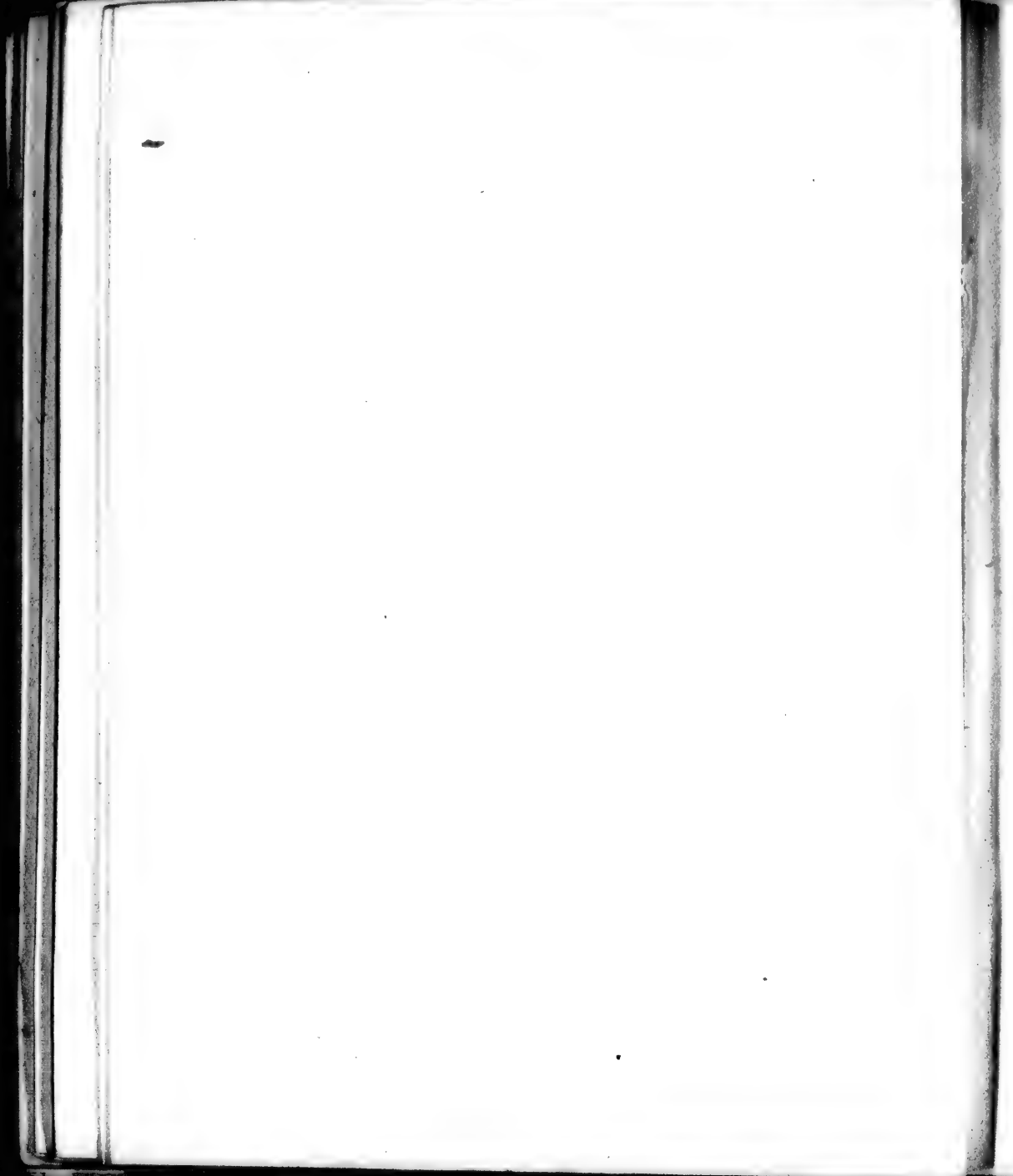
Its inviting breath and balmy,
Chilling legends can unfold;
Oft its bright blush turns to marble
Of the silent pale and cold:
Oft a blight of night and winter,
Round the heart and life entwine:—
Yet the crystal goblet sparkles——
Look not on the wine!

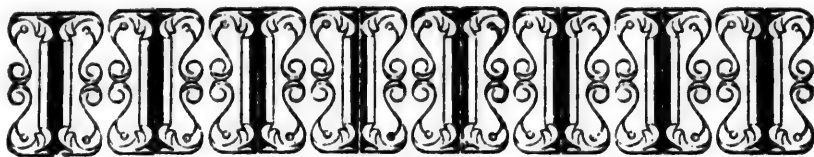
Coils of habit like a serpent
Seize the careless lingerer near,
Which relax not in their crushing
For imploring word or tear.
Joy is trampled into ashes,
Whether human or divine:
And the mantling beaker sparkles!
Look not on the wine!

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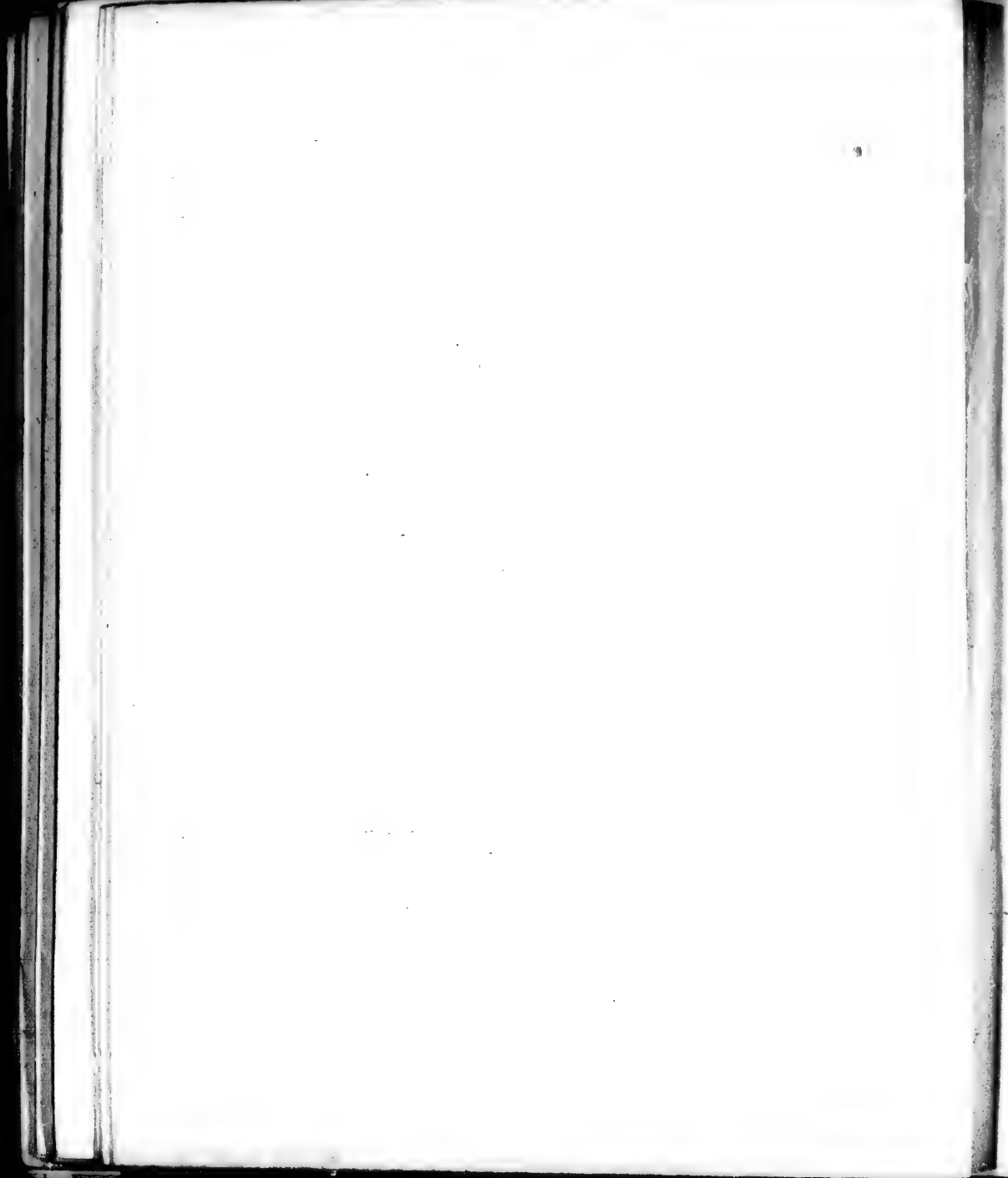
BURIAL SERVICE

OF THE

ORDER OF THE

GOLDEN CIRCLE.

**PRINTED AT THE OFFICE
OF THE G. I. E. CIRCLE, BRISTOL
1871.**





GOLDEN CIRCLE BURIAL SERVICE.

The Grand Knight, or principal officer present, preceded by the macebearer, and attended by the clergyman, will lead the procession to the grave. Other officers and members will follow in order behind the mourners. Each officer will wear on the right arm a simple white star of six points, cut out of crape or other material. Other members will wear a similar one of black. After prayer or other ceremony required by the mourners, the officers and members will surround the grave, singing one of the following funeral hymns or dirges. At the conclusion of the singing the officers in succession will drop their mourning badges on the coffin. Members will then follow, dropping in their dark badges also. The chief officer will then deposit three shovels of earth on the coffin, and each male officer in turn will do likewise.

In addition to their mourning badges, officers and members can wear their sashes or others regalia if they choose.



DIRGES.

No. 1.

L M.

How little serves this empty life,
With all the groupings of its years,
To banish or repay the tears
And fruitless longings of its strife.

We toil to build ourselves a home,
A habitation and a rest,
While we are pilgrims at the best,
And passing to the World to Come.

Jesus the omnipresent, craves
With outstretch'd arms, our earnest heed,
Bids us, in this our day of need,
To run to him, amidst the graves.

How can we slight such offered grace,
How bid the Gracious One depart?
How shall we grieve him at the heart
Till justly banished from his face!

Pause, careless soul, bethink thee now,
Ere life's departing hope shall seem
Like to the vision of a dream,
And stubborn knees be made to bow.

No. 2. L M.

Within the safe the sacred tomb,
Sleep, peaceful dust, till Jesus call;
Thy name has left a choice perfume,
And bright thy golden memory falls.

How we shall always miss the here,
Thy pleasant words, thy careful thought;
Thy presence, ever bringing cheer,
With kind assuring counsels fraught.

But all our loss is heavenly gain,
To thee is never ending joy,
Jesus has beckon'd thee from pain,
To mansions high and sweet employ.

When suns shall fade, when worlds shall burn,
When mortal things are found no more,
Triumphantly thou shalt return,
And rise and shine forevermore.

DIRGES.

5

O glorious, wondrous waking day,
When all earth's countless myriads rise,
Some filled with terror and dismay,
And some with songs to mount the skies.

Saviour, we fall before thy feet,
On us impress the seal divine,
Clothe us with righteousness complete,
Raise us to life and crown us thine.

No. 3

8s.

The stroke was most sudden that raft
Thy soul from the house of its clay,
But an evidence clear thou hast left
That 'tis well with thy spirit to-day.

And standing thus over thy grave,
And sensing the shortness of life,
We would cry unto Him who can save
To make victors of us in the strife.

O God, the Redeemer of men,
How feebly we think of thy love,

How faint our endeavours to gain
A place in thy kingdom above.

Move our hearts, we entreat thee, to seek
The light and the smiles of thy face ;
Assist us, poor sinful and weak,
And uplead by the arm of thy grace.

No. 4. L M.

That which we loved the grave conceals,
Weeping and sad we lay thee down :
But God who bruises, also heals,
Our friend is called to wear a crown.

Jesus has died——and we may live :
Jesus has risen from the dead :
Jesus has endless life to give :
Our Christ is our exalted head.

Like him shall his true followers be,
With him shall all his ransomed rest :
A glorious eternity
Spreads its full stores for all the blest.

DIRGES.

7

No. 5. 11s.

There's a thought, pure and precious, that cheers even now,
While stript and bereav'd, o'er our lov'd one we bow,
With tears that avail not, with woes that lack words;
While grief covers all that this dark world affords.

'Tis the trust that our dear one has enter'd the rest,
And the mansions on high that remain for the blest,
Has receiv'd the sweet welcome the Saviour bestows,
And dwells in his presence in blissful repose.

No sufferings longer shall torture this clay:
We lay the loved relic in silence away,
Till the morn of deliverance break from the skies,
And bright and immortal this sleeper arise.

No. 6. 10s & 8s.

O the hopes that fresh bloomed in the morning
Lie faded and scattered and dead,
And the pathway of life gathers shadow
From clouds thickly piled overhead.

At our feet see the silent earth opening
To hide the delight of our heart:
O how wordless—how hopeless the anguish
With cherish'd with fond ones to part.

But, peace our torn hearts—not a murmur!

Our pitiful Saviour is here,
And kind is his rod, though it causes
The anguish of many a tear.

What we know not we yet shall discover,
When at length all in safety we meet
Beyond the dark night and the river,
In Heaven and communion most sweet.

No. 7.

7b.

Over an untimely grave
Must the summer blossoms wave.
Early thou hast fall'n asleep:
Thee thy friends are call'd to weep.

Pained affection, lift thine eyes
To the distant conscious skies,
She whom we have lost is there
Where the saved the ransomed are.

Welcome to the home of bliss,
Ever be where Jesus is.
There no sorrow, sin nor pain,
Shall afflict thy soul again.

DIRGES.

9

Glorious kingdom, blest abode;
By the God of grace bestowed.
Fit us, Lord, for joys above,
Let us also share thy love.

No. 8.

8s.

How solemn the sleep of the dead!
How deep the repose of the tomb!
This conscious existence is fled,
And the tree now no longer may bloom.

But tho' here we commit to the dust
The souls' fallen mansion of clay,
Earth only receives it in trust,—
It shall rise at the great judgement day.

O thrilling and wonderful thought,
This body will rise fresh and strong:
Tho' scattered tho' lost tho' forgot,
It must live and its years will be long.

Prepare us, O Saviour of men,
For thy kingdom and glory above;
We shall shout the great victory then,
Soul and body partake of thy love.

But little hope or evidence
Ere the sad hour that call'd thee hence,
Our doubts arise, our grief is great:
Alas, we do not know thy state!

To pierce the impenetrable cloud
Our feeble sense is not endowed,
But there is mercy with our God,
And virtue in the atoning blood:

And we will hope that ere the tide
Swept thee into an ocean wide,
Thy peace was made, thy pardon sealed,
And Christ the way of life revealed.

Great God, forbid that we postpone
Repentance to a day unknown,
Or slight the offers of thy grace,
Till death shall stare us in the face.

O let the solemn lesson teach
True wisdom to the heart of each
Come near us with thy saving power,
Prepare us for death's solemn hour.

No. 10

L. M.

As change the sunset hues to gold,
So parting splendors far unfold;
With many a sad and silent tear,
In the low bed we place thee here.

'Tis our kind Father who ordains
Life's mournful exit with its pains,
Our dying and our burial day
Are mercies sent us for the way.

'Tis these that lend us kind release
From sins and woes that will not cease,
Usher the glory that excels,
And lead us where our Saviour dwells.

Rest then in hope, lamented dust,
Till earth and seas restore their trust:
Come then, triumphaut soul, and bear
This ransomed body through the air.

As change the sunset hues to gold,
Glories undreampt will then unfold,
Redeemed triumphant friends will join
In sweetest hymns and works divine.

No. 11.

9s. & 8s.

O we think of our loved ones in Heaven,
We know that their troubles are o'er
While we on the wild sea are driven
Dejected and far from the shore.

How many—what dear ones, are gone,
The gifted the good and the kind
We call them but they have withdrawn,
Yet they visit the halls of the mind.

Yes our sad recollection behold
Ever present the forms which they bore,
We hoard them more dearly than gold,
And these loved ones our God will restore.

We know the same Jesus yet lives
Who drew them to dwell where he is;
Still the weary and sad he receives,
And leads all his servants to bliss.

O we think of the loved ones with God,
How grand is the thought of their life!
While we groan 'neath the world's heavy load,
And tire on the tides of its strife.

No, 12.**L. M.**

O Christ our life, amidst distress,
Sickness and fear and feebleness,
While human help and hope are vain,
We look, we cry to thee again.

O Christ our life, even from death,
When fainting nature yields its breath
To thee the King of death and life
We yet will look amidst the strife.

O Christ our life, all, all beside,
Is but a phantom on the tide,
Thou art our all, to thee we press
In the dark day of our distress.

O Christ our life, forsake us not,
Are we not ones whom thou hast bo't?
With the rich treasures of thy blood?
Forsake us not, our Lord our God.

O Christ our life, hide not thy face,
But shine upon us in thy grace:
Let thy right arm be underneath,
And bear us through the floods of death.

O Christ our life, receive us where
Thy loved thy saved thy ransomed are.
Where we shall see thy glorious form
Forever safe from every storm.

No. 13. C. M.

Another loved one gone to heaven——
Glory to God most high
Who takes us to himself forgiven
No more to weep nor die.

Here we are journeying far from home
Tearful we lift our eyes
We learn to lisp, Thy will be done,
And languish for the prize.

Another dear one gone to heaven
With songs triumphant gone
Crowned and with palms of the forgiven
From earthly gaze withdrawn.

No. 14 9s. & 8s

From the sad couch of pining and pain
Caught up to the bosom of love,

Thou shalt never taste sorrow again
In the home of the happy above.

Thy God thy Redeemer is thine,
Revealed in the fulness of light ;
In the ocean of rapture divine,
Upheld by the arm of his might.

How ripened for heaven, how meek,
Thy will was the will of thy God ;
Thou the language of Heaven didst
speak,
And spread the salvation abroad.

How blessed it is to be sick,
Sweet the pains of a pining disease,
When the heart is made patient & meek
For the gospel hope sets it at ease.

No. 15. L. M.

Why should we weep? why bending
To leave thee to thy quiet sleep? [weep
The grave's a sacred place ~~place~~ of rest,
A couch prepared for all the blest.

Why should we mourn? how small our
cause,

Afflictions now not merely pause;
For never shall one sorrow more
Revive what thou hast felt before.

Dear friend though mingled thus with
clay,

Thy body waits a glorious day,
When soul and frame shall re-unite
To enter God's supreme delight

Unceasing praises to our King
From whom these hopes and comforts
spring,

Let earth his saving power proclaim
And worlds unborn extol his name.

No. 16. C. M.

One more is lifted up
Ever with Christ to dwell,
Triumphant through the gospel hope
O'er sin and death and hell.

Jesus the Ransom lives
His blood o'er guilt prevails
His all sufficient aid he gives
And shields when hell assails.

O happy soul, what grace
Divine on thee was shed,
What everlasting righteousness,
What life when thou wast dead.

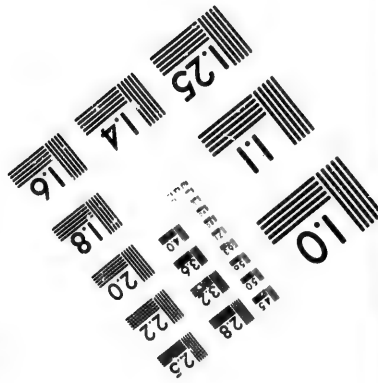
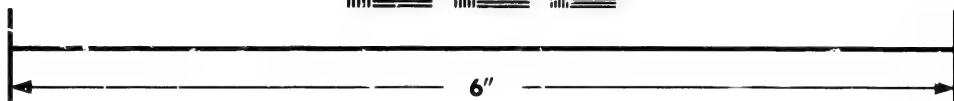
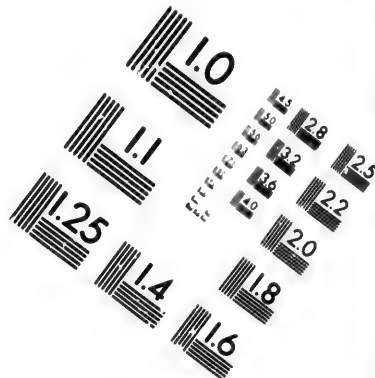
The gates are yet ajar,
Haste, let us enter in
While Jesus calls us from afar,
To rescue us from sin.

No. 17. C. M.

Father in heaven thy will be done
We bow to thy decree;
We lay our loved our cherished one
Down to be kept by thee.

This dust is precious in thy sight
The soul that in it lived,
Thou didst renew and arm with might
And hast to heaven received.





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O wondrous grace, O matchless love;
Our Jesus died and rose,
He sends us succour from above,
Gives victory o'er our foes.

No. 18.

C. M.

O we have kindred at the Throne
More, more than we have here,
The rich of soul, who cheered the past
And still in memory cheer.

And as we stand beside the brink,
The fresh brink of this grave,
We bless our Father for his love
In all he takes and gave.

He is for us preparing now
Eternal joys on high,
And long communion with our friends
Who thus in Jesus die.

He will receive us to himself
Of his mere grace at length;
And in the trying solemn hour
Support with grace and strength,

No. 19.

10s.

God doeth all things well: our summer joy
Is nipt and scattered by untimely frost,
Yet shall his praise our trembling lips employ,
Amidst our woes his love has not been lost.
To him we run and all our troubles tell,
He hears our sighs, He doeth all things well.

God doeth all things well: O we confess
Our great unworthiness, which sadly clings
With a tenacity that grows no less,
To all our acts. God's glorious promise brings
The crowning mercy, which can make a knell
Change to Heaven's bliss; He doeth all things
well.

God doeth all things well: we lay thee down
Where all the past is lying lock'd in sleep.
Looking to heaven, we trust even now a crown
Shines on thy head, and thou no more shalt weep.
Thy God is thine, he ordered what befel,
He knows our need, He doeth all things well.

No. 20.

10s.

A Child.

O little feet, just climbing up the rocks
And shady pathways of this stormy world,
The Shepherd good has called thee from the shocks
Of frost and tempest, and of lightning hurled.
His voice has spoken: Hither, little lamb,
To better pastures and the sunshine calm.

What do ye, sorrowing ones, with downcast eyes
Is it not better as the Lord hath done?
Mistrust not him, nor stand in stark surprise,
Of all his gifts can ye not spare him one?
His voice has spoken, Hither, little lamb,
Choice things I have, I the Good Shepherd am.

O blest escape this little one hath made
From dangerous pitfalls, and from hidden snares,
Thick springing sorrows, startling cries conveyed
Through tangled brushwood ringing unawares,
Christ's voice has sounded, Hither, little lamb,
Live near my side: I the Good Shepherd am.

No. 21. L. M. A Child.

Fair bud, just opening into flower
Midst the high morn in promise sweet,
Death posted on this early hour,
Our plant lies withered at our feet.

O God, our Saviour and our trust,
It is thy hand, and we are dumb :
Helpless we bow, we are but dust ;
Thy will be done, thy kingdom come.

In this bereavement most severe
Help us to kneel and kiss the rod,
While from our heart is wrung the tear
Be still and know that thou art God.

No. 22. L. M.

O for the voice of Him at Nain
To call our dead to life again !
To pass this way, to touch the bier
And give us back the sleeper here.

Bow'd to the dust beneath thy rod
We own thy sovereign ways, O God,
Our joy like Jonah's gourd is smit,
And fall'n to fragments at our feet.

O how bereaved, how desolate,
Beside this opening grave we wait:
The irreversible decree.
Lops the green branches of our tree.

'Tis thou alone, great God, must heal
The pain and anguish which we feel.
Life, death, with all their worlds are
thine,
And every work and each design.

Erom life's dispensary above
Send down the Gilead balm of love;
Enable us to bear this load,
And roll ourselves upon our God.

No. 23. 10s.

Death is the pathway to the deathless land,
The gloomy gorge this side the pearl built gate;
They who have entered are the happy band,
And we the sufferers who in sadness wait.

Sweet harps and waving palms of victory,
And glorious songs delight the ransomed there,
With us abides the longing—not yet free
Weeping is ours and weariness and care.

Yet one rich thought shall cheer us in our woe,
Jesus their king and priest is ours no less,
His loving arm encircles us below,
And will uplift us into heaven's high bliss.

oo

Then let the earth conceal this form so dear,
Its spirit now is by the Master's side;
And at the trumpet's sound the sleeper here
Will rouse all glorious and in life abide.

No. 24.

As a mellow fruit in most quiet hours,
Drops back to the soil whence spring the flowers,
So, ripened, thou fallest again to earth,
The mine of beauty, the place of birth.

As a drop of dew in the breathing day
On golden radiance is borne away,
So the light of lights from the best and highest,
Has wooed thee up to the fountain—Christ.

This clay is left as a chrysalis,
We lay it away in the bed of peace;
When the resurrection morn shall shine;
It will burst forth a dazzling form divine.

O treasures of love, O marvellous grace,
Freely bestowed upon Adam's race,
Life that will visit the graves beneath
And wrest the spoil from the tyrant death.

No. 25.

Rest, brother, rest, thy toils are done,
They ended with the setting sun,
Never again to be begun:

Rest, brother, rest.

Rest, brother, rest, thy griefs are past,
All on thy Saviour's bosom cast;
The home of heaven is thine at last:

Rest, brother, rest.

Rest, brother, rest, no more shall sin,
Rousing, disquiet thee within;
Or to thine ear in whispers win:

Rest, brother, rest.

Rest, brother, rest; the fire that tried,
Reddens indeed the furnace side,
But thou hast left it purified:

Rest, brother, rest.

Rest, brother, rest; 'tis only sleep,
Long it may be and also deep ;

But thou shalt wake and not to weep :
Heaven is thy rest.

Rest, brother, rest; that glorious day
Shall rouse thy body from this clay,
A radiant form to mount away,
To heaven its rest.

No. 26.

8s.

A healing Bethesda was found
In the porch of affliction and pain,
While affectionate friends watched
around
With solicitude seemingly vain.

Secret prayers still unceasingly rise,
They look up to the throne through
their tears,
Till the Father of Mercies replies,
And godly contrition appears.

O how merciful thus to be laid
With wearying sickness and pain,
When Jesus looks down on the bed,
When Christ condescends to sustain!

His kind arm is reached from above,
The light of his countenance breaks
In a glorious morning of love,
And a bright immortality wakes.

Was this the blest lot of our friend?
O let none on such mercy presume:
We may reach in a moment our end,
And lie down undismayed in the tomb.

If even premonished by pain,
The Lord may not visit us there;
But our blind unbelief may remain
Till we wake in the world of despair;

Ere we stand by the dark river's side,
Let us earnestly knock at the gate;
While in health let us quickly provide
For the solemn invisible state.

No. 27.

8s. & 7s.

Ere God called thee, he had crowned
thee

Gloriously with silver hair,
And thy heart to those around thee
Gave forth tones distinct and rare.

From thy bosom gushed forth gladness
Which thy Saviour had bestowed,
Heaven dropt in a world of sadness
As thy faith laid hold on God.

Thou wast rapt amidst the golden
Streeted City even then;
In the arms of God enfolden,
Lingering yet with living men.

As the eagle to its aerie
In the hidden summit's tooth,
As Seer with steeds and chariot fiery
Thou hast left this fallen booth.

May we too, who gaze with wonder,
Be prepared to enter in,
When the vail is rent asunder
And the Holy City seen.

No. 28. 8s.

Embalmed in the love of our hearts,
We lay thee away midst the flowers,
Where the dew of the morning imparts
Wealth of pearls to the fairest of hours.

Belov'd by the Saviour on high,
Bright angels conveyed thee away;
How blissful, how glorious to die,
When the arm of thy God was thy stay!

On the sure word of promise, 'twas
thine

To rest in most peaceful delight:
On that couch, O how sweet to recline,
And pass up thro' the cloud and the
night.

Pavillioned by mercy and truth
This springtime is even the best,
To be crowned with the garland of,
youth,
And caught up to the heaven of rest.

No. 29.

L. M.

O must we leave thee in the tomb,
Thus in thy youth and beauty's bloom?
Our bleeding hearts all bruised & torn,
Lament and weep, and vainly mourn.

O thou whose accents stilled the sea,
Rebuked tempestous Galilee:
Speak to our souls beside this grave,
And calm them like Genesareth's wave.

One look, the faintest smile of thine,
Can freight our hearts with joys divine,
And in the midst of death and dole
Spread seas of peace around the soul.

